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AN AFTERNOON AT SCHEFFER'S STUDIO.

A VISIT to Ary Scheffer's painting of the Temptation of Christ, at Messrs. Goupil & Vibert's, has revived the pleasant memory of an earlier acquaintance with the picture, while it stood yet unfinished upon the artist's easel. An introduction to Mr. Scheffer at the house of the admirable woman whose face is thought to be traceable in several of his pictures, brought us an invitation to hear some quartettes of Beethoven at his studio, in the Rue Chaptal. Entering from the quiet street through a narrow avenue, bordered with lilac bushes, we found the inner gate at the further end ajar. At the opposite side of the court-yard was the house, shaded by trees; and on either side of the gate a low building—as we thought a porter's lodge. But through the open door of one we caught glimpses of a studio, and turning to the other to look for the *concierge*, we saw the fine forehead and white hair of the artist himself, against a background of pictures. This was his painting-room, and he was at work on this very picture of the Temptation. Perched upon a high seat was the model from whose handsome features he was painting the Tempter, distorting them with the passionate greed of the spirit of evil. "In Satan," said Scheffer, "I have aimed to depict, not the vulgar devil of the Middle Ages, but the impersonation of the love of power, and of possession—the spirit of worldliness." Such greed, in truth, looked out of those eager, lurid eyes, and thrilled to the very ends of the clutching fingers. While in contrast, the head of the Christ, then without the halo, presented in its worn, tender features, the celestial purity, the result of past conflict, conquering now by the simple presence of holiness.

We were too early for the music; but were not sorry to have a half hour to look, undisturbed, at the creations of the master's hand. On an easel stood the just completed "Dante and Beatrice," of which our countryman, Mr. Charles Perkins, is the fortunate possessor, and of whose ideal and colorless beauty the engraving gives an admirable presentation. It is the human Intellect and Passion, sad, scarred, and weary, coming from wandering and conflict to accept the guidance and listen reverently for the word of Divine Wisdom. There were some fine portraits. Among them we remember the pallid, sensitive, Shelley-like face of Chopin, and the strong, simple head of his brother-musician, and biographer, Liszt; and that beautiful picture of serene old age—the portrait of Scheffer's mother; the grey hair beneath the cap, and the lines of forehead and cheek seeming as if his filial pencil had lingered upon them as tenderly as his hand might have done upon the reality. One canvas—it was little more than a sketch—showed a conception of great beauty. Below were figures representing all the griefs and pains of humanity, but the forms were moving upward, and as they reached the upper sphere, and its radiance smote them, they became changed into beautiful angels. It was the transfiguration of the woes of life in the light of God.

Meanwhile other visitors came on. Robert Browning, with his serious face; his wife, a short and fragile figure, crowned with two burning eyes, looking out from the clouds of brown curls; and with them Mrs. Jameson. It was pleasant to look at all the pictures again in such company. When we had done so, we went over to the other studio, where are hung the finished pictures. It appeared the very beau-ideal of an artist's room. The irregular and picturesque furnishing, antique chairs, carved cabinets and shrines, some few pieces of Sculpture, the paintings on the walls, the artistic light, and over all the incommunicable artistic atmosphere, the haunting spirit of the place. Upon one wall hung the large painting of the "Christus Consolator," so well known

by the prints, where all the crowds of earth's suffering ones, the sick, the doubting, the enslaved, the betrayed, the wrecked, the inaddened are gathered around the Christ to be healed and redeemed. The head of the Christ appeared to us to have more strength than is given in the engraving; to be not so entirely passive in its tenderness. A simpler and more powerful picture was upon the adjoining wall, the "Francesca da Rimini." With Dante and Virgil we see the forms of Francesca and Paolo sweep like a meteor athwart the dark, ghost-peopled air of the Inferno, he with his face swathed in his mantle, as ashamed of his sin, she clinging to him in the perfect abandonment of a love of which she thinks not to be ashamed, and whose retribution she willingly bears, so it do not separate her from him. Across the room was the smaller picture of the three Marys, bending their pious steps towards the sepulchre; and near by it another which struck us as of wonderful beauty, and which has not yet been engraved; it is St. Augustine, and his mother, Monica. Augustine, arrested in the wild career of his profligate youth, has come back to sit at his mother's side again as he sat when a boy, and try if he can relearn from her his childhood's faith, or a wiser. The mother's spiritual face is turned upward in rapt and devout thankfulness, her eyes seem to look directly into heaven, and see the face of God without a veil. But the son's features are dark and proud, still questioning, still doubting, not yet humbled into faith.

But now the company were all gathered, and the music began. These artists had been conscientiously studying the last compositions of Beethoven, left in manuscript to be the perplexity of the critics, who solved their difficulties by declaring that they were the vagaries of an insane mind. As we heard them interpreted, there were, indeed, strange gleams of wild humor, sometimes of grotesqueness, but woven upon a ground of truly Beethoven-like sweetness, pathos, and longing. It was, indeed, a rare pleasure, and to be long remembered, the listening to such music, in sight of such pictures, and in the sphere of such souls.

Of the picture now exhibiting here, we shall have something further to say at another time. At present only this little anecdote: A friend, a young artist of much promise, who was then studying with Scheffer, told us that a few days afterwards he called at the studio, and found the head of one of the figures obliterated. The artist simply said: "You see I have rubbed out the head; that will encourage you to rub out." Since then his patient and magic pencil has recreated the lost form.—*Christian Inquirer*.

LET us turn from this rough sketch of learning among the Moors, and notice briefly their influence upon the arts, useful and ornamental, and the characteristics of their social life. Here are most distinctly revealed the true expression and out-growth, the bud and the flower, of the essential idiosyncrasies of the Moorish character. Their severe learning seems to have been a transplanted exotic, not indigenous to the luxurious fullness of their nature, nor able to incorporate itself with it, but standing separate and independent, like a foreign graft upon a gorgeous stem. It rose, and could have risen, only in peculiar and unnatural circumstances. The fiery activity and ambition of the Moors, which first vented themselves so fiercely in arms, afterward, their utmost limits of conquest having been reached, were forced to turn themselves for gratification to the only channel then lying open to them—that of letters. Thus it was, as stated above, that the influence of the Greek mind was so profoundly felt. But Moorish arts and Moorish customs would have been just what they were, at any time when they were left free to conform themselves to the peculiar genius of the

race—modified slightly, perhaps, by different ages and climates, but in all essential points one and the same. Nurtured at first under the hot sun of the tropics, their nature had an organic voluptuousness and passion unknown to dwellers amid Northern snows; and afterward, in the balmy air of Spain, these inborn tendencies, softened and directed by learning and culture, gave rise to an ardent love and intense appreciation of whatever was rich and gorgeous in form, color, or description. These characteristics are especially manifest in the glowing inventions of their romantic fiction and the cloying sensuousness of imagery in their poetic lays; and no less so in the undulating lines, the crowded ornaments, and the warm and brilliant tints, which so strikingly distinguish Moorish architecture from all other. The fantastic groupings of this style could never have been built upon the polished refinement of the Greeks, expressed so clearly in their severely simple forms, nor yet upon the intense religious awe of the Teutonic races, striving to embody itself in the pointed arches and lofty spires of Gothic art. The origin of this last style reveals most distinctly the controlling and modifying influence upon form, as well as in other aspects, of national habits of thought and feeling. However we may love, for poetic effect, to trace back its rise to an attempt to imitate in art the branching stems, the shadowy recesses and intertwining arches, of Nature's temple, the awe-inspiring forest, it is known to have sprung in fact from the airy fabris of the Moorish and Arabian styles, changed and solemnized by the less buoyant enthusiasm and the deeper religious consciousness which marked the Northern Christian nations. In like manner, the Moorish style also, founded at first upon the later Roman or corrupt Greek structures, was at length seasoned and tempered so thoroughly with the luxuriousness of Moorish tastes, as to lose in its sportive features all traces of its origin. Even at this late day, when so few vestiges of Moorish architecture are left to us, enough may yet be seen to prove its gradual departure from its first forms, and the encroaching influence of national tastes. The crowded passages, the low portals, the cumbrous arches and hybrid pillars of the gigantic mosque at Cordova, since converted into a Christian cathedral, differ essentially from the gay unity of the palace of the Alhambra, erected some two or three centuries subsequently in the smaller but more brilliant kingdom of Granada. In this latter structure were exhibited the climax and full perfection of the Moorish style, as the Cathedral at Cologne embodies the more sublime splendor of the Gothic, and the Parthenon the more simple beauty of the Greek. Its gossamer lightness, resting, like the baseless fabrics of fairy land, on the bosom of the earth, the rich, undying hues of its walls and ceilings, its gorgeous lavishness of decoration, its springing domes, tessellated pavements, and clustered columns, even now delight the eye above all other beauties of Spain. When, in the days of its grandeur, it stood encompassed by spacious orange-groves, and sparkling fountains, and rich gardens, recalling the sweet perfumes of Araby the blest, capacious enough to embrace within its ample circumference forty thousand men, and surrounded by the dazzling splendors of private domiciles, lying beneath its proud eminence in the city at its feet, we cannot wonder at the enthusiastic praises of the delighted Moors. Those who cannot look upon its still remaining beauties will derive a pleasure only second to sight from Mr. Irving's charming pages, or the highly colored pictures of Bulwer's Leila, or the exquisite illustrations to Murphy's Moorish Antiquities of Spain.—*From an article on the Moorish Dominion in Spain, in the N. A. Review.*